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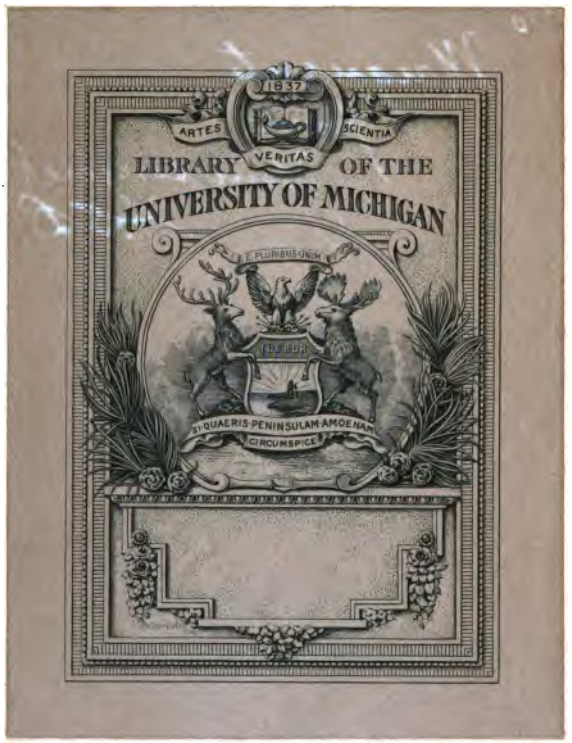
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March 17, 19

To
Marguerite
from
Your sincere friend
H.S.B.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

C. Benj. Hopkins.

Wayside Flowers

12-2-193

By C. Benjamin Hopkins

With an Introduction

By Rev. Polemus Hamilton Swift, D.D.

Chicago

Press of Western Methodist Book Concern

Copyright 1900
By C. Benjamin Hopkins

DEDICATED

TO

MOTHER

IN GRATEFUL REMEMBRANCE OF
AN UNTIRING DEVOTION
AN UNWAVERING LOVE
AND A
LIFE THAT HAS BEEN A STIMULUS
AND A
BENEDICTION

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AN INTRODUCTION

IT is ever a pleasure to introduce our friends. We want the world to know them and to share with us the delight of acquaintance and communion. This is something more than a selfish joy; it is altruistic. What enriches us will add to the wealth of others. It is not in any sense a formal duty that devolves upon me. It is with a rare sense of inner satisfaction that I respond to the request to write an introductory paragraph or two for "Wayside Flowers." The writer is pleased to count the author among the friends who have a place in the holy of holies of his life. Our lives have run, for a time, side by side, like streams that seek the same great sea. In the Church we love, in the Epworth League, to which we have been alike devoted, in social work for God and humanity, it has been my privilege to feel the pulse-beat of this young life. That you may know my friend in some measure, I would introduce to you "Wayside Flowers."

These poems exhale a fragrance that will exert an influence to sanctify every-day life. The poets who have spoken most potently to the great masses of busy, anxious, wearied and burdened men and women

are those who have written of common things, and have immortalized the incidents and experiences of every-day life. This is, in a measure, the power of Burns, the charm of Longfellow and the magic of Riley. We admire the brilliant poem that points the way to lofty peaks of sublime ideals; but we are more deeply moved, and quite as much helped, by the humbler productions which, springing from the heart and appealing to the heart, glorify the scenes and events that seem all too commonplace without the halo which the poet bestows upon them. There are more flowers by the wayside of every-day life than most men have ever dreamed. Our author has gathered some of these flowers, and will help the reader to see that there are many more springing up close by his pathway. There is more poetry in the experiences of the common people than has ever been given a place on the printed page. My friend has given form to some of these unwritten songs. He will help you to hear God's angels singing their carols from New Year's Day till New Year's Day comes again.

"Wayside Flowers" is loyal to the truth. You will find no false note in the music. No word has been written that will arouse a slumbering evil in the soul. Faith in God, loyalty to truth and devotion to man breathe in the poems as naturally as the

rose perfumes the air of evening. The thought that has found expression here is as pure as the lilies that grew in the lake in the old pasture at home. More than ever before in the history of this world the reading millions are demanding the pure in literature. "Wash thy lips clean and sing," urged the Voice to Sir Edwin Arnold, before he undertook the composition of "The Light of the World." My friend has heard the same Voice. It is well, for no bard or wizard of the pen can long hold the respect, admiration and love of the best reading world who does not speak in sympathy with purity and truth.

The reader of "Wayside Flowers" will not only come to know my friend in a measure, he will also have a vision of the best in himself and the beauty that crowns and glorifies the passing moments that are far too much burdened with the cares and perplexities of life in a hurrying, worrying, crowding, busy, bustling, elbowing age. That will be worth the while.

POLEMUS HAMILTON SWIFT.

Chicago, September 20, 1900.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

HAS SOMEONE SEEN CHRIST IN YOU?

HAS someone seen Christ in you, today?
Christian, look to your heart I pray;
The little things that you've done or said,
Did they accord with the way you prayed?
Have your thoughts been pure, your words been kind?
Have you sought to have the Savior's mind?
The world with a criticising view
Has watched—but did it see Christ in you?

Has someone seen Christ in you today?
Christian, look to your path I pray;
Has it led you nearer the Father's throne,
Farther away from the tempting one?
Have your feet on errands of love been bent—
Or, on selfish deeds your strength been spent?
Has a wand'ring soul with hope born new,
Found Christ through following after you?

2 Has Someone Seen Christ in You?

Has someone seen Christ in you today?
Christian, look to your life I pray;
There are aching hearts and blighted souls,
Being lost on sin's destructing shoals.
And perhaps of Christ their only view,
May be what of him they see in you;
Will they see enough to bring hope and cheer?
Look to your light—does it shine out clear?

Has someone seen Christ in you to-day?
O Christian, be careful, watch and pray;
"Look up" to Jesus in faith, and then
"Lift up" unto him your fellow men.
Upon your strength you can not rely,
There's a fount of grace and strength on high;
Go to that fount and your strength renew,
And the life of Christ will shine through you.

THINKIN' O' HER

WHEN the twilight falls gently around me
an' the sun is like gold in the west,
When the cattle low soft in the distance an' the
song-birds hev gone to ther rest,
When the whipperwill pleads fer his thrashin' an'
the screech owl shrieks in the woods,
When it's quiet in barnyard an' stable an' the
hens chuckle low to their broods,
When bashful young laddies an' lassies er thinkin'
of takin' ther strolls
An' stealin' away to ther sparkin'—thet blissful
communion of souls—
When nature is sleepy an' peaceful an' ther's
hardly a thing thet's astir,
O'er my mind, like a flood, comes old mem'ries,
an' I git ter thinkin' o' her.

It's lonely fer me 'round the cottage, though others
are here, to be shore,
But I miss the smiles an' the sunshine thet bright-
ened an' cheered it of yore;
Ther's no voice thet ter me hez the music, no
matter how clear it may ring,

Like the melody caused by her laffin'—no songs
like those she ust ter sing;
An' allus ez daylight was fadin' she'd start in ter
hummin' a tune,
An' although she'd keep at it all evenin' I'd swar
thet she'd stop't it ter soon;
The world is plum full of its music an' I wouldn't
cast on it a slur,
But I long fer her voice, an' most hear it, some-
times, when I'm thinkin' o' her.

Sometimes I go down by the willows thet er
bendin' over the stream,
An' set whar we set together in the days thet er
now like a dream;
Whar we talked of the days thet were comin', and
recalled the good times of the past;
Whar we told of our trials an' triumphs an' the
time sped so 'mazin'ly fast;
It was ther' thet I whispered the story I was
almost afraid ter confess—
Told it jest in a blunderin' fashion, but she under-
stood and said yes;
She looked up kinder shyly an' glad like—my, it
seems thet it can't be back fur
Ez I live the past over an' over, ez I do when I'm
thinkin' o' her.

Don't tell me thet beauty is fadin'—thet things
lose their charm with old age—
The grandest oak tree in the forest is the one thet
hez stood the storm's rage,
An' my sweety was never so charmin' ez after the
years left ther trace,
When her footsteps grew feeble an' totterin' an'
time writ its lines on her face.
Ez a girl she was winsome an' sprightly an' her
hair curled in ringlets of gold,
An' her cheeks were ez red ez two roses thet
faded some ez she grew old;
But they'd flush up agin' when I'd whisper sweet
nothin's—thet's all thet they were—
An' I murmur 'em over, half dreamin', ez I sits
here a thinkin' o' her.

When things run on jest ordinary an' ther's little
of change here er ther'
We git kinder ust ter our blessin's—when all of
our sailin' is fair;
An' when we hev loved ones around us ther's
little of sadness an' gloom,
But when ther's a chair thet is empty it's the
plainest in sight in the room.

I 'spose it's ez foolish ez can be fer a man thet's
most seventy-five,
Who's feeble an' most good fer nothin', ter wish
his old sweetheart alive;
But, foolish er not, I am lonely, an' Heaven seems
ter be off so fur
Ez I long fer the time I shall meet 'er—while I'm
waitin' an' thinkin' o' her.

'Twas one mornin' in May thet she left me, back
many a long year ago,
When the birds thet she loved were a singin' an'
the cherry trees blossomed like snow;
Fer some little time she'd been ailin', but thought
'twant nothin' ter scare,
She said perty soon she'd be better, but I noticed
her growin' more spare;
Don't know how I ever lived through it, a seein'
'er fade day by day
An' hear her 'good-bye' in a whisper an' lay 'er
ferever away;
It seems thet the sun hed stop't shinin' an' I
hardly hed life 'nough ter stir,
An' I jest bowed my head in my sorrow, a weepin'
an' thinkin' o' her.

The years thet hev passed hev been many, the
days hev been weary an' long,
An' I can't git quite ust ter the silence—I still
miss 'er voice an' 'er song,
An' the flowers hev not been so fragrant an' the
birds hevn't sung quite ez gay
Since thet day long ago in the springtime when I
laid my old sweetheart away;
But some day the birds will sing sweetly an' the
flowers bloom agin' ez of yore,
When at last I shall cross o'er the river an' meet
her over ther' on the shore;
An' I know thet the good Lord of Heaven won't
banish me off very fur,
If I spend lots of time there in glory in gladness
a thinkin' o' her.

SLIDING DOWN THE BANISTERS

SLIDING down the banisters—my, but it was fun!
In the good old happy days when life was just begun;
Starting 'way up at the top and making every turn
At a mile-a-minute gait; but O, how it would burn!
Rather hard upon the clothes, made of home-spun too,
Not so very many slides before a hole was through.
Of course it was against the rules, and often down below
Mother waited for the "train"—what happened then, you know.

Sliding down the banisters—you did it, so did I,
When we thought we were secure from mother's watchful eye;
I can fancy that I feel the same old tingle once again
That used to mark the journey's end when mother "caught the train."

Ah me! what memories cluster round those old
familiar stairs,
Bringing back the days of childhood and forget-
fulness of cares;
Scenes that make the heart grow lighter, thoughts
of happiness of old,
Makes it seem that from life's pathway all the
weight of years have rolled.

The dear old homestead is no more, it passed to
other hands;
A mansion now replaces it, but yet to me it stands
In memory as the same old place it was long
years ago;
A picture that time with its change can never over-
throw.
Sliding down the banisters, my, but it was fun!
In the happy childhood days when life was just
begun;
And down those same old banisters I'd like to
slide to-day,
And get a "warming" for it in the good old-
fashioned way.

THE SWEETEST HYMN

I SAT in my window one Easter day,
With my thoughts deep bent on the far away,
And I wandered back upon fancy's wings
To the rising morn of the King of kings.
And methought of the songs that would rise that day,
Because the grave could not keep its prey;
And the thought of death with its power and gloom
Was lost in the beauty of Easter bloom.

And while I musingly sat that day,
I saw a man that was old and gray,
Whose step was tottering, whose coat was poor,
Come around and knock at my neighbor's door.
Then I saw an angel, of that I'm sure,
Give food to him who was hungry and poor;
And I know that the risen Savior smiled,
On the good deed done to his needy child.

In countless churches a world of tongues
Gave voice to their praise in Easter songs;
They sang, "The Savior is risen indeed,"
But I thought of the angel and child of need.
And this thought through my mind the whole day ran:
He does most for Christ who does most for man;
And the sweetest hymn of the Easter day
Was the good deed done just o'er the way.

A SONG OF LIFE

I BEHELD her first in childhood,
Innocent;
Like a song-bird of the wildwood,
So content.
She knew naught but joy and gladness,
Life to her was only bright,
And the days were but as moments
Filled with sunshine warm and light.

I beheld her when a maiden,
Young and fair;
With sweet flowers her arms were laden,
And her hair;
With her glad heart free and happy,
Softly humming some sweet tune,
And her face made by smiles' sunbeams
Fairer far than any June.

And I saw her in the gloaming,
In the spring;
With a youth she then was roaming,
Listening
While he spoke the old, sweet love-words,
Spoken many times before,
Growing sweeter, newer, truer,
Every time they're spoken o'er.

Then I saw her at the wedding,
She was fair;
Golden beams the lights were shedding
On her hair.
Heart to heart was then united,
For the joys and ills of life,
For the conflicts and the victories,
For the pleasure and the strife.

Last, I saw her in the city
Of the dead;
There were tears of tender pity
For her shed.
Standing by the graveside weeping
O'er the cold and silent clay,
She was hid—the love she bore him
Earth could never hide away.

Two white stones now point toward heaven,
Grim and tall;
Silently their story's given
Unto all.
Just the story of our pathway,
With its joy and pain and strife,
Just a tale each day is telling,
Just another song of life.

ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF EL CANEY

THE conflict was over, the dead and the dying
Alone marked the scene of a dreadful affray;
The battlefield, save for the wounded ones' sighing,
Lay quiet and calm at the close of the day.
The cannon were silent, the musketry's rattle
Broke not the deep stillness that came with the night;
With day they departed, but ravishing battle
Had stamped o'er the scene its dread, terrible blight.

Our banner had triumphed, but dear was the glory
That liberty bought, at a terrible price,
And stained was the sod with a crimson-tide gory—
The flower of the land made the great sacrifice.
Not a heart faltered and not a cheek whitened,
As forth into danger they marched with firm tread
Knowing full well ere another day brightened,
Some of them surely would sleep with the dead.

Out where the wounded in anguish were lying
And clinging to life with fast weakening grip,
Lay a young soldier who, wounded and dying,
Kissed two worn pictures with feverish lip.
Faintly he whispered in weak accents, "Mother,
O could I see you ere life takes its flight;"

Then said, as he clasped to his bosom the other,
"Sweetheart, you're lonely without me to-night.

"You do not know that I, wounded, am lying,
With no kindly hand e'en to soothe my hot brow;
I know it would make it seem easier dying
If only your hand could caress me just now;
If only your lips could be laid as you laid them
Warmly on mine when I bade you good-bye,
If you could but whisper those words as you said them,
It would comfort me here where so lonely I lie.

"You sigh, perhaps, for my arms to enfold you,
You yearn, maybe, for the home-coming time,
Thinking of that day when safely I'll hold you;
That greeting will be in a happier clime.
Sweet were our dreams of the longed-for 'to-morrow,'
When we united forever would be;
Little we thought of it dawning in sorrow—
That I would die lonely and far off from thee.

"And mother, who thought when with hand on my shoulder
And with love-gleaming glances you looked in my eye,

When proudly you called me your boy and your soldier,
That we were saying forever 'good-bye'?
Oh, it would not be so hard to be dying
If only my head I could lay on your breast;
It seems I could wait for the end without sighing
If you as in childhood could lull me to rest."

Once more the pictures he raised and caressed them,
Fondly he clasped them in one last embrace,
With a faint voice breathed their names and he blessed them,
Those who would never again see his face.
When in the morning, the sun brightly gleaming,
Shed o'er that desolate scene its warm ray,
It could not awaken him out of his dreaming,
For he had passed with the shadows away.

Far o'er the dancing blue waves of the waters
Two women in sorrow are weeping to-day,
One is the fairest of Columbia's daughters,
The other is aged and wrinkled and gray;
And each for the far-away loved one is weeping,
Each treasures in memory his last parting smile;
Both sigh for the form that is quietly sleeping
On the field of El Caney in Cuba's fair isle.

BE ON THE SIDE OF GOD

BE on the side of God
In the battle-strife
That in every life
Must mark the pathway trod.
For fierce and bold are the many foes
That assail thy path and thy way oppose,
And who is the heart that can stand alone
And resist the darts that are round him thrown?
O it matters not what his strength may be
If not on the side of God is he.
Ah, lest thy soul be overawed
By the strifes and foes
That thy path oppose,
Be on the side of God!

Be on the side of God
When the fleeting breath
In the hour of death
Speaks the awaiting sod.
When the waters deep of the still, dark stream
Chill thy very soul with their sullen gleam,
When Death, like a very king of foes,

Fiercely seeks to fill thy heart with woes,
A conqueror whom no foes o'erwhelm
Is he who bids God take the helm.
That thou may'st calmly sail unawed
Safely in thy barque
O'er death's waters dark,
Be on the side of God!

DON'T

DON'T spend yer time a worryin' when
things don't come yer way,
It wont help matters any ef you sit an' mope all
day;
'Stead o' sittin' an' repinin' fer the things thet
"might hev been,"
Git out an' get a hustle on an' make 'em come
agin.

Don't go a frettin' through the world an' lookin'
black ez night—
There's two sides to most everything an' one of
'em is bright;
It's jest as easy fer ter smile as 'tis ter scowl an'
frown—
Don't stand upon yer head an' think the world's
turned upside down.

'Twont make a ray of sunshine ef you murmur
et the storm,
An' growlin' 'cause the weather's cold will never
make you warm;
An' scoldin' at yer neighbor 'cause he don't agree
with you,
Will never end an argyment like keeping still
will do.

Don't think thet everybody's wrong who doesn't
think like you
On politics, religion, an' questions old an' new;
God made their heads an' he made your'n an'
filled 'em all with brains,
An' don't you git to thinkin' thet he gave you
extry grains.

Don't even let the idee force itself into yer head
Thet this earth'll cease revolvin' when you're
numbered with the dead;
It kept agoin' perty fast afore you saw the day,
An' when your're through with mortal cares 'twill
move the same old way.

Don't think thet you hev troubles worse then
mortals ever had,
Or if you hadn't any you would be forever glad;
You'd git mighty sick an' tired of the humdrum
of this life,
Ef there wasn't and trouble an' there wasn't any
strife.

Don't be afraid ter shed a tear, it does yer good
ter cry,
Relieves yer feelin's mebbe an' brightens up yer
eye;

But do your bellerin' good an' hard as though yer
meant it, then
Dry yer eyes an' face the world with a happy
smile again.

Don't get ter thinkin' that this world hez not a
place for you,
Because you don't see some great thing awaitin'
you to do;
The forest doesn't hold a tree but what was once
a sprout—
The little things er what count most, an' so to
work set out.

Don't think thet God hez given more or less to
you then He
Bestows upon the general run o' poor humanity;
But make the best of what you've got an' He'll
not ask of you
To answer fer five talents ef he's given you but two.

Don't spend yer time a standin' 'round a mournin'
this an' that,
But start right in an' hustle an' find out jest where
yer' at;
This world's a perty big one an' there's room for
you an' I;
There's not much time fer mopin'—we'll rest
some bye-an'-bye.

A SONG FOR THE LIVING

HERE'S just a wee song for the living,
For those who are burdened with care,
Perhaps it is not worth the giving,
Containing no treasure-thought rare;
Perchance 'twill fall prey to the spoiler,
The critic, who'll tear it apart,
But 'tis just a wee song for the toiler,
A melody sung from the heart.

How little of thought that is kindly
We spare to the living each day;
We let them pursue their way blindly,
Not a heart-cheering word do we say;
What matters it if they are sighing
For the love we might easily give?
We weep for the dead and the dying—
How little we spare those who live.

When gone from the cheeks are the roses
That bloomed oft unnoticed in life,
And our loved one in silence reposes,
At rest from all wearisome strife,
Then we blame ourselves for not giving
The kind words that might have been said,
But what we've withheld from the living
We cannot give unto the dead.

The hours that we might have made brighter
Passed in darkness forever away;
The burdens we might have made lighter
Will weary us many a day;
The flowers we might have been strewing,
Making pathways less barren and drear,
And deeds that we might have been doing
Will never bring comfort and cheer.

If we could but pierce the to-morrow,
See its anguish because "we forget,"
Our actions would cause less of sorrow,
Our hearts would ache less with regret;
O we'll find sweeter rest on our pillows
When we scatter kind deeds on our way,
And a crumb that is cast on the billows
May return with a blessing some day.

So this is a song for the living
Before they lay silent and cold,
That we may be wise in our giving
And never a kindness withhold;
It may save us years of regretting
And tears that in vain we may shed
If we will just cease the forgetting
The living until they are dead.

THE SAND MAN

THE sand man journeys around each day
When our little darling is tired of play;
From whence he comes and whither he goes
No one but the little baby knows.
We can not see him, but baby can—
He knows his friend, the old sand man.

When the sand man comes baby rubs his eyes,
Kicks up his heels and maybe cries;
But the sand man gives him a little sand,
And baby is off to slumberland,
Off to that place where we, you know,
Used to find rest in the long ago.

But, what would you give, and I, to-day,
If the sand man would only come our way,
And send us to rest, with his magic sand,
Away to that same old slumberland?
But the sand man's visits, to and fro,
Are gone with the days of the long ago.

MY PRAYER

I DO not ask, dear Father, that thy peace
Shall rest upon me all along life's way;
That calm shall reign and troubling storms shall cease,
Or that the clouds may never dark the day.

I ask not that the billows may be still,
That threaten oft to wreck my trembling barque,
Take thou the helm and I will fear no ill,
Though waves dash high and clouds be low and dark.

I crave not for a straight and easy path,
To lead me to the eventide and rest;
Though rough or smooth, though dark or light, thou hath
Tread all—and I can follow and be blest.

I pine not for a never ending joy,
To shine undimmed whatever may betide,
Grief will be sweet and pain can not annoy,
If only thou wilt in my heart abide.

I ask but this: That love, thy perfect love,
May through my heart and life be shed abroad,
That failure, or success, alike may prove
In me some trace, though faint, of Christ my God.

CONQUERED

HE was a warrior, a noble knight,
Resplendent in his armor bright,
Seamed and scarred from many a fray,
Seated upon a charger gray.
His glance was full of scornful pride,
As if he every power defied,
And this the boast of the knight of war:
"I own on earth no conqueror."

At the battle front where the fray waged hot,
'Mid flash of sabre and musket shot,
Where men were falling on every side,
Still in his eye that look of pride.
"Follow!" with ringing voice cried he,
And charged the foe that turned to flee;
The boastful cry broke forth once more:
"I own on earth no conqueror!"

'Mid the captured ones of the vanquished throng
Thus spoke a prisoner, a young man strong:
"Better my life blood should flow," said he,
"Than from a foe I turn and flee;
Rather than live with my country dead,
Let my young blood be on her altar shed!"
The knight gazed on him with fierce, stern eye,
And then condemned the brave lad to die.

A maiden whose face was sweet and fair,
O'er whose white shoulders fell golden hair,
With a form like an angel from out the skies,
Came to plead for her lover, with tearful eyes.
'Twas a sight to cause e'en the angels to weep,
As they their watch o'er the lovers keep.
And was she not just as pure as they,
Only they were spirits and she but clay ?

"O noble sir, O attend to my cry,
Why thus condemn one so young to die ?
You love your country, O gallant knight,
And proud you are in her name to fight.
To love one's country, is that as sin—
To risk one's life for her cause to win ?
Return my dear one to me, I plead,
Or let me die for him, if a life you need !"

Then spake the knight : "Thy lover is free;
Thy love and thy tears they have conquered me,
And heaven forbid that thee I should part,
Clasp him forevermore close to thine heart."
'Twas the same gallant knight, proud as ever before,
Though no more came the boast of "no conqueror."
For the might of man he had borne no fears—
Conquered at last by a woman's tears.

TO A LITTLE MAIDEN

SWEET little maiden of summers two,
With your golden hair, and eyes so blue,
In your little world of happiness,
So void of weariness and distress,
You do not know how I envy you.

Sweet little maiden of summers two,
How I wish I were so pure as you;
Knew as little of sin and strife,
And the bitter side of the joy of life,
And, like you, believe that all are true.

Sweet little maiden of summers two,
I wish I were near to heaven, as you;
From you to heaven is but a day,
But from me, I fear, 'tis far away;
How near, how far, ah, if I but knew!

Sweet little maiden of summers two,
May life's sky o'er you be always blue;
May the paths you tread be fraught with peace,
May blessings, as you go, increase,
Till heaven's dawn bursts on your view.

THANKSGIVING HYMN

ETERNAL God who giveth naught but good,
To thee our hearts in gratitude we raise;
For mercies thou upon us hath bestowed,
And for the blessings that have crowned our days.
We give thee thanks, the best our hearts can give,
For all the joys that doth our pathway greet,
And for the blessings we may yet receive,
O, do thou help us to fit praises meet.

We thank thee for that band who, long ago,
Sought out this land that they might worship thee,
Braving fierce foes and winter's ice and snow,
That from oppression they might e'er be free.
We thank thee for our country's peace to-day;
That we are troubled not by war's alarm,
Guard thou our nation, keep us safe we pray,
O God, preserve our nation from all harm!

Well may our sweetest hymns of praise ascend,
Well may our hearts in gratitude arise;
To praise enough our songs would never end,
Our thanks would echo through eternal skies.
But human thoughts and human words are weak—
Help us express our thanks by rightly living.
And may our lives be monuments that speak
The loudest praise that tells our hearts' thanksgiving.

LITTLE WORDS

IT was easily said—that unkind word,
That fell from your lips at morn,
But you little thought as away it sped,
It would tear some heart like a thorn.
You did not mean it—'twas thoughtless, yes,
But it flew on its onward track
And the prayers and tears of all life's years
Can nevermore call it back.

It was easily said—that kindly word
That you spoke with a pleasant smile;
But it cheered a soul that was lone and sad,
And it braved a heart for a trial.
The strongest monuments crumble and break,
And into the dust decay;
But a kindly word will live on and on,
Though the speaker has passed away.

O, let us be careful of each small word
We speak with but little thought;
They will carry a message of love away,
If we say the words that we ought;
And by-and-by, when our lips are mute,
And our record of life is known,
The kindly words will shine forth like stars,
In the crown that shall be our own.

WE'VE GOT TO MOVE TO-DAY

WAL wife, it hez been done at last, the mortgage's been foreclosed,
An' though the times is perty hard, 'twas sooner 'an I supposed.
I kind'er thought the squire would wait 'till things picked up a bit,
An' I could work an' pay it off an' make an end of it.
It wouldn't take so very long 'fore I could pay it all;
But squire he couldn't see it so, an' so it hed to fall;
I told him it would break our hearts to hev to go away;
Thet didn't do a bit o' good—we've got to move to-day!

At first I couldn't realize jest what had come about;
It seemed to me jest like a dream, but then I soon found out
Thet we hed lost the dear old place—'twas sad, but it was true—
An' then I started on the way to break the news to you.

The pathway back seemed awful long an' awful
hard to tread,
Although the flowers were bloomin' an' the birds
sang sweet o'erhead;
I've traveled it so many times, I've loved to go
an' come,
But all of this was changed to-day—I wasn't
goin' home!

'Twas kind o'hard to see you smile when I come
up the road;
You didn't know thet I was bearin' sech a heavy
load;
My back is perty strong an' good fer many bur-
dens yet,
But I never hed one bear me down jest quite so
much as thet.
Fer I knew how the awful news I hed no power
to keep,
Would make you bow your poor old head, an'
weep, an' weep, an' weep;
I'd gladly given the rest o'life ef I hedn't hed to
say
"The old home is no longer ours—we've got to
move to-day!"

'Twas here we come long years ago, when you
were first my bride;
'Twas here our children come to us, 'twas here
our children died;
Their finger-marks are on the wall—the prints o'
chubby hands—
Treasures dearer to our hearts than wealth of all
earth's lands.
'Twas here they lisped your name an' mine in
childish accents sweet;
'Twas here we heard the welcome sound o' tiny
pattering feet,
'Twas here their infant prayers were said, when
tired with their play—
But all these scenes we leave behind—we've got
to move to-day!

Out there beneath the old elm tree thet stands
upon the hill,
In the silent city of the dead thet lies so cold an'
still,
Three tiny graves hold sacred dust of gems that
once were ours,
Now sparklin' in the kingdom of the land o' love
an' flowers.

We sit here in the window, an' we gaze upon thet spot,
Thet while we hev a heart to love will never be forgot;
Let's take a look together, wife; then we must turn away,
It's perty hard to do it, but we've got to move to-day!

Take down the pictures from the walls. "You can't?" Wal, I will then.
When we get into our new home we'll put 'em up again.
"It won't be this home?" Yes, I know, but still it will be home—
We'll try an' make it sech, dear wife, while yet through life we roam;
For I've got you an' you've got me—I love to think of thet;
Let's not ferget behind all clouds the sun is shinin' yet,
An' afore we leave the old home, wife, let's both kneel down an' pray,
An' thank the Lord the last time here—we've got to move to-day!

We both air somewhat feeble, wife; our hair hez
long been white,
An' to leave home in our old age I cannot think
jest right.
But it won't be fer very long, an' we hev still our
love
To brighten our remainin' days—a blessin' from
above.
Some time we'll lay our burdens down—ah, thet
day we'll be glad—
It won't be like it is to-day, so dreary an' so sad;
An' we will smile upon our friends an' we will
gladly say:
"Don't weep fer us; we're goin' home—we've
got to move to-day!"

THOSE LITTLE FEET

They had left their prints on the floor one day,
When the prattling child came in from play,
And the outlined forms were dark and small
Of two little chubby feet, that's all;
But a sharp word spoken flew like a dart
And found a lodgment in the heart,
And it left a wound that rankled sore—
For two little marks on the fresh-cleaned floor.

The two little feet are stilled to-night
And the floor is spotless and clean and white;
But the house is sad and still and lone,
For the music of pattering feet is gone,
The bright little eyes that were filled with tears
Are closed forever; and through the years
The tiny bare feet will vex no more
Nor leave more stains on the whitened floor.

O dear little feet! Could we call you back
We would bear with patience each print and track,
And we would be careful of every word,
Lest one that would hurt a wee heart was heard;
For the music of old how we long to-night,
For the pitter-patter that made home bright;
Could you leave your prints on the unmarked floor
They would be treasure-spots forevermore.

DEAL KINDLY NOW

When I die
The friends that love will gather 'round my bier
And gently speak and shed a parting tear
For me; and in that quiet lonely hour
Will place, perhaps, upon my breast a flower.
Some tender hand will close my sightless eyes—
Eyes that no more will see earth's flowers or skies;
Perchance some loving lips will press my own,
The memory of my unkind words all flown,
Thinking only of good I may have said;
Forgetting that my weary feet have strayed,
Oft, oh, so often from the paths of right—
I'll be at peace with all the world that night
When I die.

While I live
I yearn for friends to love me while in life;
Friends to be true in happiness or strife.
I need some tender hand to lead me on,
Some hand to hold through darkness until dawn;
Some one to guide the feet before they stray,
Some one to help me walk the narrow way.
O ye who would, to-night should death draw nigh,
Stand round my bier to-morrow with dim eye,
And with a kindly heart forgive my wrongful deeds,
Help now the soul that cries to you its needs.
Wait not till life is gone with all its powers,
My friends, I pray, bring me your gifts and flowers
While I live.

THY FATHER KNOWS

O TROUBLED heart, thou who are sore distresst,
Thou who hast sighed, so long in vain, for rest,
Thou who hast trembled 'neath the chastening rod,
Dealt by the hand of thy kind father, God;
And shed thy tears of bitt'rest agony,
He knows, not thou, just what is best for thee;
Look up, look up, although thy day be dim,
Look up, look up, and leave it all with Him,
O troubled heart, thy Father knows.

O tempted heart, who in the trying hour,
Hath felt indeed the subtle tempter's power
So strong that thou couldst not resist alone,
Think not that thou art tempted all unknown.
God knows, and made a way of life for thee,
Given through Christ who died upon the tree;
Look up, look up, although thy hope be dim,
Look up, look up, and leave it all with Him,
O tempted heart, thy Father knows.

O weary heart, thou who art travel worn,
Oppresst with many a load that thou hast borne,
Whose feet are bleeding from the long rough way,
Thy pain will all be o'er some sweet glad day.

The path thou 'st trod was not thine own to choose,
But God to lead thee home wilt ne'er refuse;
Look up, look up, although thy path be dim,
Look up, look up, and leave it all with Him,
O weary heart, thy Father knows.

O saddened heart, thou who hast stood and wept,
O'er the new grave where some dear loved one slept;
Amid thy tears which silently did'st fall,
With empty heart thou asked: "And is this all?"
All is not ended with the new-made grave,
He still hath power who came on earth to save;
Look up, look up, although thine eyes be dim,
Look up, look up, and leave it all with Him,
O saddened heart, thy Father knows.

O wayward heart, thou who so long hast strayed
Far, far from home, and now art sore afraid;
Thou who hast spurned the voice that called to thee,
The Savior bids thee still "Come unto Me!"
"Come unto me ye weary and distresst,
Come unto me and I will give thee rest!"
Look up, look up, although thy faith be dim,
Look up, look up, and leave it all with Him,
O wayward heart, thy Father knows.

FRIENDSHIP

ALL wealth is not in gems or gold,
Or lands that far and wide extend,
Great wealth to him doth life unfold,
Who knows the value of a friend.
Friends are the precious gifts of God,
Rich treasures from the throne above;
Friendship is but a tender bud—
The bud that blossoms into love.

Life is a path whose wayside flowers
Are friends we gain while years fleet by;
Dear to our hearts these friends of ours,
Their memory ne'er will fade or die.
Friendship is true and though afar,
Our friends may roam whom we hold dear,
Yet like a sparkling evening star,
Friendship shines out and brings them near.

Earth would indeed be sad and drear,
Without its flowers of sweet perfume;
They lighten up our path with cheer,
Enchanting us with beauteous bloom.

Just as the flowers make bright our way,
And beautify the dreary road,
So friendly hearts make glad life's day,
And help us bear each wearying load.

But when we part the tears fall fast;
We say with saddened hearts "Good-bye,"
Yet in the pathway which we've passed,
Some flowers must droop and fade and die.
Our lonely hearts still one hope hath,
A hope that cheers us o'er and o'er,
The flowers are taken from our path,
To bloom upon some brighter shore.

The parting sorrows we pass through;
The tears from hearts so sadly riven,
Will fall like pure, refreshing dew
Upon our flowers which bloom in heaven.
And when our earthly paths shall end,
When we have answered to the call,
We'll meet each dear departed friend,
And wonder why we wept at all.

MY SWEETHEART

I SING of no goddess of beauty divine,
Whose charms are beyond all compare,
Of rich golden tresses or form full of grace—
You may not e'en think she is fair.
The sweetheart I sing of is no longer young,
She's nearing the three-score-and-ten,
But the beauties enthroned in this sweetheart of mine
Fade not upon life's western plain.

No, 'tis not her beauty entrances my heart,
'Tis because she is loving and true;
And this side of heaven I never will tire
Of singing her praises to you.
Your sweetheart perhaps may have beautiful hair,
Mine has hair like the pure, driven snow;
Your sweetheart may walk with a light, graceful step,
Mine with step tottering and slow.

Your sweetheart has eyes like diamonds so bright,
Mine's eyes beam with lovelight for me;

Your sweetheart has hands that are snow-white and soft,
My sweetheart's are fairer to see;
Your sweetheart may sing with a voice like a bird,
Mine's voice is most ready for Heaven;
When she calls me by name and says I'm her own,
Sweeter music than that ne'er was given.

Your sweetheart has loved you for just a short while,
Mine has loved me since first I drew breath;
Your sweetheart may leave you, but from me I know
Mine cannot be e'en parted by death;
And when she has passed from the scenes of this earth
Like her there ne'er will be another;
To me she's the fairest the sun e'er shone on—
The name of my sweetheart is Mother.

IN THINE OWN TIME

IN thine own time, dear Father, give to me
The spirit that I need to follow thee;
The humble heart that knows no will but thine,
The love made perfect by thy grace divine.
Teach me to understand and do thy will;
Help me thy loving purposes fulfill;
Give me the mind of Christ, trusting, sublime,
And grace to say: "Thy will in thine own time!"

In thine own time, if thy will, take away
The cross that weighs so heavily to-day;
But if it brings me nearer, Lord, to thee,
Give me the strength to bear it cheerfully.
And if the cruel crown that pierced thy brow
Be mine to wear, I'll wear it, Savior, now;
In all life's paths, Lord, I will follow thee—
E'en though they lead, like thine, to Calvary.

In thine own time, dear Father, I will say,
Through all the varied changes of life's way;
Content with all thy love bestows on me,
I'll ever love and trust and follow thee.
In thine own time when earthly storms are past,
Bring me to be with thee at home at last,
There to forever find a peaceful rest,
And know thy will, and know that it was best.

HAPPINESS

I ASK not for a jeweled crown,
Nor for the heights of great renown;
I do not crave a mighty name
That will live on in years of fame;
I pine not for some treasure cold;
For houses, lands or glittering gold;
I do not seek a world's caress—
To leave me cold and comfortless,
Nor for the smile of pomp and pride—
'Twould leave me all unsatisfied.
No, all of these may be removed,
I shall be happy still—if loved.

DECORATION DAY

THEY sleep to-day, our country's pride and best,
The "reveille" will call them forth no more;
No rude alarms disturb their quiet rest;
Peace reigns to-day, the battle's din is o'er.
Columbia weeps; from shore to shore her tears
Fall like dew-showers upon each hero's tomb;
Their memory dims not with the fleeting years,
But will like everlasting flowers bloom.

Old age and youth in arms together stood,
When came the hour of our dear country's need;
The tried and true, the faithful and the good,
All deemed it pleasure in her name to bleed.
Upon their graves our brightest flowers are strewn,
Our sweetest songs are whispered in their name;
They who were taken in their life's bright noon,
We sing to-day the story of their fame.

But while we sorrow and with tear-dimmed eye
Our flowers with our gratitude we give,
Let us remember though noble 'tis to die,
'Tis just as noble for one's land to live.
With whitened hair, bent form and tottering feet,
Wounded, enfeebled from the battle's fray,

Our veterans live—let peace their pathway greet,
Let us to them give flowers of love to-day.

And may to-day our banner be unfurled
In honor of the graves that are unknown;
Proclaim our liberty to all the world,
And freedom's song wave forth from zone to zone.
Columbia, sing your gladsome songs of praise,
Till they shall ring o'er earth's remotest seas;
While songs of gratitude and love you raise,
Oh, may your sweetest song to-day be peace.

MEMORIES

I LOVE to sit alone and fondly dream
Of dear old days and scenes of other years,
And, drifting down on memory's quiet stream,
Leave far behind to-day's heartaches and tears.

A magic hand paints skillfully again
The bygone scenes of many happy hours,
And softly through the silence floats a strain
Of music from the birds among the flowers.

And on the shore while down the stream I drift,
Familiar faces smile again to me;
It almost seems the veil of years doth lift
And make the scene a glad reality.

Sweet voices, voices that have long been stilled,
Call out to me and I would fain respond,
But I am mute until life's page is filled,
When I shall meet them in some sweet Beyond.

The scenes, so real and life-like do they seem,
They cheer my heart, but O, they fleet so fast;
They vanish like a morning's shadowy dream,
For memory is but an echo of the past.

WHEN MOTHER PRAYS

A CALM, sweet peace steals o'er my heart;
Life's cares and sorrows all depart
As if by some mysterious art,
When mother prays.

Angelic sweetness falls around;
With glory bright her brow seems crowned;
It makes my heart with gladness bound,
When mother prays.

She points to Jesus' side that's riven;
Tells how his blood for all was given;
I seem to see the gates of heaven,
When mother prays.

ARE YOU SAD, MY DEAR?

ARE you sad, to-night, my dear—
Sad for the days that are gone?
Thinking of scenes we used to know
In the dear, happy long ago,
When life was as bright as the stars that shine,
When I was yours and you were mine,
When hours like moments away did flee?—
A day seems now like eternity.
But are you sad to-night, my dear—
Sad for the days that are gone?

Are you sad to-night, my dear—
Sad for the vanished dream
That came to us both in the morn of youth?
How could we know it was aught but truth?—
How could we know the path we trod
Would lead us both to the chastening rod?
How could we tell, how could we know,
In the dear, happy long ago?
But are you sad to-night, my dear—
Sad for the vanished dream?

Are you sad to-night, my dear—
Sad that we drifted apart?
Sad that the sunny path of flowers,
That we loved to tread in those golden hours,
Led us at last into different ways,
To sterner thoughts and darker days?
That one eve the sun, as it sank to rest,
Left us each with an aching breast?
But are you sad to-night, my dear—
Sad that we drifted apart?

Are you glad to-night, my dear—
Glad for the life as it is?
Doth memory paint no cherished scene
That ever tempts your heart to lean
Back to the days so bright and fair,
Back to the dear dreams lingering there?
Glad and sad make a little rhyme
That all must sing while our hearts beat time.
Which is the song of your heart to-night—
Glad or sad? Is the music right?

SOMETIME

HOW oft, as life's mysterious paths we tread,
We fain would look to see what lies ahead.
To-day it seems there's naught for us but tears—
What changes will be wrought with flight of years?
We tread a path that seems as dark as night,
Will morning bring to us a clearer light?
Will some day-star be sent to guide our way?
For we, alas, are prone to go astray.
Are we through life led by an unseen hand?
We sigh, and think sometime we'll understand.

We backward look through long departed years,
And see a path of mingled joys and tears,
A path of cherished hopes, a path of fears.
"Will life be ever thus?" we're led to cry;
"Is there no end to pain, no refuge nigh?"
Beneath a load that weary pain doth give,
In anguish we cry out: "Why must we live?"
And when some pleasure bids our sorrows fly,
And life is bright, we ask: "Why must we die?"
But joy and pain are linked by some strong band;
Some day, in God's own time, we'll understand.

When sun shines bright, sometimes the raindrops
fall;
Thus joy and pain must come to each and all.
A light shines o'er us, though we cannot see
Where leads our path or what its end will be;
But we press on and strive to do the right,
A day must follow e'en the darkest night;
The pain and sadness which we here are given
Perhaps are guiding-hands to show us heaven;
And when we reach that bright celestial land
The weary walks of life we'll understand.

Sometime, somewhere, the day's descending sun
Will count life's weary labors all as done;
Each battle fought will be a victory won.
Somewhere the heavy cross will be laid down,
All tears forgot in wearing of the crown.
Maybe our feet are nearer to the brink
Of that "sometime" than we, perhaps, may
think.
Somewhere there lies a land of beauty fair,
Where we shall drop the burden and the care;
No weary paths within that heavenly land—
Sometime, somewhere, ah, yes, we'll under-
stand.

LIKE A SHEPHERD

"SAVIOR, like a shepherd lead us
Through the storms of life so wild,"
Sang a mother while there nestled
On her breast a little child.
"Lord, thou knowest all the pitfalls
That his feet will have to shun;
O wilt thou who lovest children
Guide through life my precious one?"

"Savior, like a shepherd lead me,"
Sang the youth at manhood's door;
"Keep me safe from sin and danger,
Let me feel in thee secure;
All of life is yet before me,
Foes there are for me to face,
I cannot meet them unaided,
Lord, sustain me by thy grace."

"Savior, like a shepherd lead me!"
Sang the man in middle life;
"All life's conflicts are upon me,
I am wearied with the strife;

Whom have I but thee to follow,
Whom but thee can give me rest?
Savior, lead me in the pasture
That for me thou thinkest best!"

"Savior, like a shepherd lead me!"
Sang the pilgrim, bent and old;
"I am almost through the journey,
Almost ready for the fold;
Out upon the western hillsides
And life's evening shadows fall;
When the darkness drops around me
May I hear the shepherd call!"

"Savior, like a shepherd lead us!"
Childhood, youth and age doth sing;
Whether in life's morn or evening,
Lord, we need our Shepherd King.
If our years be few or many,
After they have o'er us rolled,
Jesus, tender, loving shepherd,
Gather us within thy fold!

THE RIVER

I STOOD on the banks of a beautiful river,
Watching it silently flow toward the sea,
Seeing the tiny waves sparkle and quiver
And dance in the sunlight, all happy and free,
Peacefully, quietly, flowing forever,
Gently pursuing its way evermore—
Musingly stood I and watched on the shore.

Over the river a boatman came rowing
From the far shore, almost hid from my view,
Coming across for a passenger going
To the bright strand o'er the waters so blue;
Peacefully coming and going forever,
Gently pursuing his way evermore,
Leaving one less there with me on the shore.

And methought of a river that ever for ages
Has silently flowed and will flow evermore;
On whose tranquil bosom no storm ever rages—
It separates life from the heavenly shore,
Peacefully, quietly, flowing forever,
Gently pursuing its way evermore—
They who cross o'er ne'er return to this shore.

And over that river a Boatman comes rowing
For those He deems ready to cross to that shore;
And those whom I love, one by one they are going,
By this same ferryman all carried o'er,
Peacefully coming and going forever,
Gently pursuing His way evermore,
Each voyage leaving one less on this shore.

Some time the Boatman will come gently rowing
Over the stream, and His beckon I'll see;
Gladly I'll greet Him, for then I am going
To those o'er the river who wait there for me;
Peacefully, quietly, pass o'er forever,
To joyfully greet those gone long before—
Some day we all will be there on that shore.

THE FIRST LETTER

I WAS looking through some letters,
I'd received in long past years,
When I found one old and yellow,
And the sight brought forth the tears.
Lying there amid the others,
Silent, yet it spoke to me
Of the days long since departed,
When I first, dear wife, knew thee.

Intervening years all vanished
As I opened it and read;
And old scenes came up before me,
Scenes that all too quickly fled.
'Twas the first one that you sent me,
I remember well the day;
Would that I might live it over,
But alas, 'tis flown away.

How it filled my heart with rapture,
When I read its contents through,
And to me it was a treasure,
Just because it came from you.
You were then a gentle maiden,
Fair indeed to look upon;
Many sought, but you refused them,
Fate made me the favored one.

Kings and princes were as nothing,
When you promised to be mine;
I felt richer than a Crœsus,
Owning that pure heart of thine.
I received a priceless jewel,
And a loving heart so true,
Beauty, love that is undying,
All of these enthroned in you.

Many years have since departed,
And your hair has turned quite gray,
But I love you, yea, far better,
Than I did upon that day,
You were dear then, and time's changes
Ne'er have swerved your heart so true;
In my heart you'll reign forever,
Till with life we both are through.

Just an aged yellow letter,
One received in long past years;
As again I read it over,
I cannot keep back the tears.
Written when you were a maiden,
And till my life here is through,
It will ever be a treasure,
Just because it came from you.

ABIDE WITH ME

ABIDE with me, Thou who art ever just,
I fear to tread alone the paths of life;
To meet alone the turmoil and the strife;
Teach me to follow Thee and trust.
Throughout the day, if unknown paths I roam,
O may it be my boundless joy to feel
That Thou art near, and will be with me still,
And will at evening guide my footsteps home.

At evening when life's little day is done,
This heart of mine that oft is sore distresst,
Will lie serenely on thy loving breast,
Where pain and sadness are alike unknown.
Blest be the day, whate'er its paths may be,
That leads me nearer to the Father's throne;
And when its weary ways at last are done,
Blest be the night that finds me safe in Thee.

JEWELS

I BEHELD a teardrop stealing
  Down a maiden's rosy cheek,
Caused by some cold word unfeeling
  That someone had chanced to speak.

Then I heard a kind word spoken,
  Falling like a sunbeam fair;
Lo, the stormcloud then was broken,
  Tears were turned to jewels rare.

Life hath jewels without measure,
  Where we go we find tears still;
Kind words turn them into treasure,
  We may gather all we will.

WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS, DEAR HEART

WIPE away your tears, dear heart,
Your sorrow do not keep;
They are not past awaking
Who close their eyes in sleep.
Beyond all pain and sorrow,
Where tears ne'er dim the eyes,
They wait your coming over
To yonder fairer skies.

Wipe away your tears, dear heart,
A fairer land than ours
Is teeming with the beauty
Of earth's too tender flowers.
There, rich in dewy fragrance,
Kept by a Father's love,
They bloom for us forever,
Safe in that home above.

Wipe away your tears, dear heart,
Dry your eyes and sing;
The night is for the parting,
The morn is for welcoming.

62 Wipe Away Your Tears, Dear Heart

The lips you kissed in parting,
  The hands you gently pressed,
Will welcome you to-morrow,
  To be with them at rest.

Wipe away your tears, dear heart,
  The living need your smiles;
Your burdens will be lighter
  For sharing others' trials.
Life is a rugged pathway,
  Which strife and longings fill,
But rest awaits the toiler
  At the summit of the hill.

WE SHALL KNOW

OFT we tremble at the mystery
That enfolds the paths we tread,
And we wonder why life's history
Teems with hopes that now are dead.
We would fain know why they perished
Ere almost we'd felt their sway;
Why the dearest dreams we cherished
Were the first to fleet away.

Why the hearts we loved the strongest
Pass from out our sight so fast;
Why the saddest days are longest,
And the gladdest soonest past?
Yes, we wonder and we wonder,
As we roam a weary land,
If in some sweet "over yonder"
We shall know and understand?

Shall we know the dear departed
When we reach that other shore?
Will Christ heal the broken-hearted;
Shall we never sorrow more?

Yes, in some fair land of promise
Christ will soothe away all pain;
All that here was taken from us,
There will be restored again.

We shall know why paths of duty,
We oft trod with weary feet,
Blossomed not with flowers of beauty,
Sending out their incense sweet.
We shall know why weeds, not roses,
Seemed to thrive along our way;
When at last our journey closes,
In some Eden, some sweet day.

"OLD COLUMBY"

I'VE been listenin' to an' thinkin' of the talk
thet's all afloat
Since DeLome writ thet there letter an' the
'splodin' of the boat
Down there in Havany harbor, when up skyward
went the Maine;
Now the people all 'er shoutin' fer to hev a war
with Spain,
An' the country's all onsettled over Cuby an' the
like;
Some thinks Uncle Sam's a coward an' is kinder
'fraid ter strike,
But I smile an' take things easy an' don't worry
'bout the scare—
Ef there comes a time fer fightin'—"Old Co-
lumby" she'll be there.

I haint lived my life fer nothin', — some folks say
I'm gettin' old,
Bein' well up in the eighties — purty pert yet,
though, I am told;

An' I've seen this same excitement takin' hold o' people's minds,
'Till they shied et their own shadows, like a horse without no blinds;
But when all the talk blew over an' things settled down agin'
People said they knew "'twant nuthin'" when they heard it fust begin.
Course I don't know what'll happen from reports thet's in the air,
But I do know ef they tackle "Old Columby," she'll be there.

Down there in Ticonderogy in Columby's airly days,
We all know how Ethan Allen bust into the fort an' says,
"In the name of Great Jehovah, in whose cause the sword I wield,
An' the Continental Congris, I command ye now to yield!"
An' the fort thet day was taken, fer the men with him were brave.
If Columby gits in trouble there'll be allers some ter save,

So I say I take things easy—let 'em come ef any dare—
Ef they're out a huntin' trouble—"Old Columby" she'll be there.

Some er sayin' thet McKinley doesn't seem ter want ter fight,
Thet he's wrong ter keep so quiet—others say thet he is right.
I've seen him in many battles where the bullets flew ter kill,
An' I guess I know what's in him—don't you worry erbout "Bill,"
Don't yer think that he is dreamin' while this racket's goin' on,
"Major Bill" is not a sleepin' ter be woke up with a gun;
Ef there comes a time fer fightin', now, or while he's in the chair,
He will know jest what's the matter—"Old Columby" she'll be there.

When et last is writ the story of the glory of the lands,
You will find thet "Old Columby" et the front o' nations stands,

An' her bright an' starry banner floatin' out into the breeze
Will be recognized ferever ez the pride of airth an' seas;
Washington, an' Grant, an' Lincoln—an' our own McKinley, too—
Jest as long will be remembered ez waves the "Red, White an' Blue";
An' remember what I tell ye—come what may the talk er scare—
Ef it comes ter peace—er fightin'—"Old Columby" she'll be there.

DEATH

DEATH is the crossing of a quiet stream;
A boat puts out from yonder mystic shore,
And, like a babe upon its mother's breast,
By loving lips and gentle hands caressed,
We lie asleep and thus are carried o'er—
And wake to find that life was but a dream;
And as the waking babe looks up and smiles
Into the loving eyes of mother, hovering near,
So when we wake beyond life's tears and trials,
We, too, will see our loved ones we hold dear.

IF CHRIST SHOULD COME TO-DAY

IF Christ should come to-day
What changes would be wrought in all our life;
A reign of peace would mark the end of strife,
And kindlier thoughts would in our hearts be stirred;
Our lips would ever frame the softer word.
A purer love would in our breasts be borne,
And we would seek to comfort all who mourn,
With vision clear we would discern earth's needs
And answer every want with Christly deeds,
If Christ should come to-day.

But Christ may come to-day
If we will only strive to do His will,
And all his blessed purposes fulfill;
The world is watching for a glimpse of Him,
With broken hearts and eyes with scars grown dim;
Borne down by sorrows, burdens, and by care,
The needy yearn and seek Him everywhere,
But shall not find Him—not until they view
The Christ in us with likeness clear and true;
Only through us will Christ on earth appear,
'Tis with our lips He'll speak his words of cheer,
And by our lives His love must be made known;
'Tis only thus we'll bring Him to his own.
O, let us see that we are like Him, then
There'll come a vision of the Christ to men,
If we will let Him in our hearts hold sway,
The Christ will come to-day.